

Enemies incoming

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Summary: Really short story-poem thing I wrote a long while back

Enemies incoming

They are coming, we can fight

>They are coming.<p>

They won't stop no matter how bullets we throw at them.

>My men yell as a grenade flies over us,<br>A cloud of dust envelopes us, just what I need.

>I blow right through the smoke and aim at the nearest Brute.<br>Guts and blood fly everywhere and the attention is driven at me,

>Crap, I thought as I ran backwards for cover, firing as I went.<br>My men see me in trouble and I tell them to go to at least find some better cover but a few stayed behind,

>The others were reluctant at first but left as ordered and hurried to the undergrowth.<br>Orders are orders, no matter what;I wanted them safe for now.

>With their movement it caught the Brutes eyes,<br>I tossed two plasma grenades and got their attention.

>They fire and we return the favor.<br>As I continued to fire, memories of old flash through my brain.

I remember the times when nothing was really screwed up, that a lot of things were more carefree

>A few of my friends' faces come through my my mind as well.<br>I'll fight for them, I thought, I'll fight for them and keep them safe.

>Even though I thought I was going to die, I knew one thing that my marines were safe now<p>

Static buzzed in my ear where my COM piece was, I fire once more and hid behind some cover to reload.

>It was my AI, Lyx.<br>"Will? Will are you there?" she called.

>"Yes I am, Lyx," I reply as calmly as I could, blind firing every now and then.<br>"I would just like you to know that one of our Pelicans is en route to your location. Do you need any assistance?"

>"Yes," I yelled into the mic, "Hurry they're closing in too fast. We can't repel them."<br>Two of the marines looked at me. "Do you think they'll be here soon?" asks one.

>"Yes," I replied with certainty.<br>They will make it here and they WILL help us.

>In the undergrowth, the others fire in short bursts to keep the Brutes from overwhelming us.<p>

Finally the sound of a Pelican comes off and rounds pierce the Brutes.

>We are safe.<p>

End  
file.